

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOL. XXI.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE DAY BEFORE.

THE INAUGURATION VISITORS IN WASHINGTON.

TORRENTS OF RAIN POURING ON THEM

The Last Week of Cleveland—The Crowds Around the White House—General Longstreet Disgranted.

REMOVE THE SENATOR

WASHINGTON, March 3.—[Special.]—The inauguration looks as though it would be a failure. All day long the rain descended in torrents; men and women, disappointed and despondent, with gossamer and umbrellas, tramped the streets; train loads of troops were landed and marched dismal through the rain to their quarters; acres of bunting sogged with rain; banners hung limp and listless, and over all hung, like a pall, the murky and rain-shedding clouds. The avenues, notwithstanding the rain, were a moving mass of dripping and drunken humanity. Every few moments the martial music of arriving troops could be heard, but there was no quickening of pulses, no welcoming cheers, no explosive bursts of applause at the sight of popular organizations. The troops marched stolidly through the mud and rain, with lagging steps, to the quarters that had been assigned them; buoying their courage as in the times of war with the drum beat and fifes blowing. The kid-glove Sunday soldiers were bedraggled and disappointed; the hotel lobbies were crowded with a jabbering, smoking, cursing mass of politicians, cursing Harrison, cursing everything in sight.

THE HOTEL-KEEPERS JUBILANT.

The only class of people who seemed happy were the hotel-keepers and saloon men.

Ex-tensions were put on every bar, and men who

would not brave the weather contracted head-nches for the morrow. The hotel clerks were distractred; prices trebled and quadrupled without notice; the rooms of every hotel were stuffed with cots; bathrooms have been transformed into bedrooms, and the weary and luckless stranger is jubilant at being able to get a cot which cost fifty cents and a blanket which cost seventy-five at four and five dollars for the luxury. Everybody who has anything to sell has suddenly contracted an irresistible desire to accumulate a fortune in the inside of a week. Of course places bearing the legend "beware of pickpocket" which stare one in the face in every public place, cannot warn the unwary pilgrim against the lodging house sharks and other speculatice individuals who have designs upon their purse. There is a general disapproval of matters at Washington. With all this, however, the nation still lives at the capital and Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, will on tomorrow at 12 o'clock

TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE.

as president of the United States. It will be the inauguration of the 23d president and the passage of Grover Cleveland's administration into history. He has made a good president, and had it not been for his great fault, not being unable to comprehend that he could not run a democratic administration without democratic aid, he would have gone down with history as possibly the greatest president this country has ever had.

The visitors to Washington tonight already number nearly two hundred thousand, but the southern people are conspicuous by their absence. At Mr. Cleveland's inauguration four years ago thousands upon

THOUSANDS OF SOUTHERN PEOPLE

congregated at Washington, but today there are none with the exception of a few republican organizations and office-seekers. The gathering is distinctively northern and western. General Harrison, before taking the oath of office tomorrow, is to occupy the old chair in which George Washington sat at his inauguration, just one hundred years ago. The old chair is here and ready to be placed in position tomorrow. Every brass headed tack which fastens its time-worned leather to the aged polished wood of its frame, and every quaint carving of its arms and legs testify to its ancient dignity. In 1873 this chair was used at the second term inaugural ceremonies of General Grant, and in 1881 at the inaugural ceremonies of Garfield.

THE CLOSING WEEK

of President Cleveland's stay in the white house has been very trying on both he and Mrs. Cleveland. Every one of the many thousand visitors in the city have been crowding around the white house at all times, eager to get a last shake of the hand of the president and a last look at Mrs. Cleveland. Not being able to shake the hand of Mr. Cleveland, the crowds have stood on the outside of the building harrasing and crying for him to come to the window in order that they may get a last look at him. He at first refused to put himself on exhibition, but today the crowd kept up such an uproar that on a half dozen occasions he has been compelled to show himself at the window in order to stop the noise.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

It has been the one idea of the visitors here to see Mr. Cleveland now and wait until tomorrow to get a look at General Harrison. Consequently there have been no crowds around the Arlington. In fact, the only visitors to the Arlington have been politicians working to get their friends into the cabinet, or to give General Harrison some advice about the policy they wish him to pursue. Today it is President Cleveland everyone wishes to see. Tomorrow it will be President Harrison, and Mr. Cleveland will be forgotten by the surging crowd.

GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET,

of Georgia, will be the most prominent southern figure in the inaugural parade tomorrow.

The general will ride a large gray horse, which has been tendered him for the occasion by Senator Stanford, of California, who is a great lover of horse flesh. General Longstreet is not at all satisfied with General Harrison's cabinet selections, for he thinks the south should have been recognized. In fact, General Longstreet's friends are of the opinion that he expected the place himself. He has decided that he does not want the position of registrar of the treasury, now held by General McCrum, but prefers a foreign mission, at least of the second class. There are, however, thousands of applications for these missions, and it was somewhat doubtful of the general will be able to get exactly what he wants.

RIDDLEBERGER'S DISGRACEFUL CAREER ENDED.

Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, brought a disgraceful record as a United States senator to a fitting close tonight by being summarily ejected from the senate chamber by a sergeant-at-arms. Riddleberger entered the chamber this evening his usual state of intoxication, and staggering to his feet he repeatedly made motions, the words of which did not be understood by the presiding officer. Senator Ingalls repeatedly ordered him to be seated, but each word made the Virginian more obstreperous, and his conduct put stop to the proceedings of the senate. President Ingalls allowed the Virginian toumble out his indistinct words for the moment, but his patience was

last exhausted and he threatened Riddleberger with ejection if he did not desist. To this the Virginian replied that he would telegraph the governor of Virginia his resignation and that he would no longer remain a member of a body that was presided over by such an unfair and unjust man as Ingalls. This was rather too much for the Kansan and he immediately ordered the sergeant-at-arms to

remove the senator.

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DRIVING A PISTOL.

on the sergeant-at-arms, and threatening to bore a hole through him if he came within striking distance. The sergeant-at-arms did not appear to be greatly riled and the senate was not preoccupied with his business. In addition to his usual state of intoxication, the presiding officer ordered him to be seated, and the gallery doors closed. The Virginian, however, was so drunk and wild on the floor of the senate that the presiding officer ordered him removed. The Delaware senator replied to this by

REMOVING THE SENATOR

from Virginia from the floor. Sergeant-at-arms Canada, with an assistant, quickly gathered up the obstreperous Virginian, and notwithstanding his desperate efforts to tear himself loose, they carried him bodily from the senate chamber, amid the plights of the galleries. This is the first time within the history of the United States senate that one of its members had been forcibly ejected from the floor. Senator William Salsbury, of Delaware, was the only man who voted for the resolution to驱逐 the Virginian, and he did so drunk and wild on the floor of the senate that the presiding officer ordered him removed. The Delaware senator replied to this by

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BLOODY JOHN COFFEE

SHOT TO PIECES BY MARSHAL HANIE, OF GAINESVILLE.

The Murderer of Marshal Merritt Returns to Lula, Where Marshal Hanie Runs on Him.

GAINESVILLE, Ga., March 3.—[Special.]—John Coffee, one of the most notorious of all the red-handed assassins whose deeds have darkened the criminal history of the country, was shot to pieces by Marshal Hanie, of Gainesville, and Mr. John H. Martin.

Coffee may die and he may not. His wounds are many and are extremely dangerous. More than fifty buckshot, to say nothing of a quart of bird shot, entered his face, neck and body. If he can live with all this lead in his carcass he must indeed be a tough one.

For years Coffee has been

TERRED TO THE OFFICERS, and for the past three years he's been constantly hiding from those who were seeking his capture, and a reward of \$800 which has been standing over his head. This price set upon his head made Coffee more desperate than dangerous, and months ago every detective, who has been on the trail, went off, except Marshal Hanie, who has worked since the heartless assassination of Merritt without sleeping. One day last week Marshal Hanie was informed that Coffee was near Lula, and on Thursday left Gainesville for that place, accompanied by Mr. Martin. Since then they have been within a stones-throw of the man who is now lying at the point of death. Their work throughout the week has its interest. On Tuesday they ascertained that

COFFEE WAS RENDEZVOUSING

at John Hyder's house. Hyder's brother married a sister of Coffee's and has been doing all he can to secret the criminal. He lives in a log cabin 20x18 feet, buried in a dense thicket about four miles from Lula.

On Tuesday the officers took in the surroundings and that night went into a fodder house within ten feet of the door to the log hut. With their pocket knives they cut holes through the building, which gave them an opportunity to see the house. Later in the night they went into the woods about a half mile from the house, and built a fire. By that fire they slept all night. Usually a fire in the woods at night in that section of the country would attract the attention of the mountainer, who has not forgotten many of the natural instincts of the Indian; but they were not bothered because of that, because the woods all about had been burning two or three days. On Wednesday they began their watch again, but did not see Coffee. He was working on a plantation half a mile away, clearing ground. That evening about dark they entered the fodder house again to watch for Coffee's return, but in a short time they observed

SOME ONE COMING TOWARD THEIR PLACE of concealment. They moved hurriedly, and at a safe distance saw a man enter the place and carry away some fodder, when they returned to their place of observation, but Coffee did not pass them. He had entered the cabin while they were away. That night they slept again in the woods. On Thursday they found Coffee cutting cross ties, but did not molest him, because he was surrounded by his friends. That night, when the officers sought the fodder house, they encountered a dog, but Hanie was equal to the emergency. Years ago he was told that any dog might be made a friend by feeding him a piece of meat which had been close to his flesh. Fearing the dog Hanie had been carrying a piece of meat in his clenched hands several days, and as the dog came bounding forward, barking at every leap, the marshal threw the piece of meat and in instant the dog was

LAPPING THE MARSHAL'S HAND.

That night they followed Coffee. On Friday morning Coffee went rabbit hunting, and the officers followed him. Several times they were within three hundred yards of him but did not attempt his arrest, because he was in a clearing where he could see them before they could reach him. Time and again he would stop to look back, and when he saw a helpless cotton tail turn over dead. Saturday night just before Coffee started upon his return to the hut, loaded down with dead rabbits, the detectives sought the fodder house. Into it they crawled, and in a short time saw Coffee enter the yard and approach the hut. That was just what they wanted, and with joyfully beating hearts they awaited the signal for action.

COFFEE WALKED UP TO THE DOOR and turned the knob. It did not move. Then he knocked upon the door in a bold and fearless manner. Presently the door opened, and some one asked:

"Is that you, Dick?"

"Yes, that's me, by a large majority," answered Coffee, as he walked in. Then the door closed. The officers saw all this and heard it from the outside, and they were held in suspense. It was just at this time that the officers crept from their place of concealment and moved towards the house cautiously. They made the trip without being detected, except by the dog, but that dog had already been made a friend. Leaning against the side of the house the officers

PEELED THROUGH A LARGE HOLE between the logs. They saw six men in the room and one of them Marshal Hanie quickly recognized as Coffee. He was setting against the wall, and, as he turned, he left the door, and two men were leaning against the wall on either side. Hanie after looking carefully around the room stepped aside and Martin began looking in.

"See those three men sitting in a row on the side of the house," said Hanie to Martin in a low guarded whisper.

"Yes," answered Martin.

"Come on up to the middle, that large man, the one with the heavy beard, that is Coffee, understand?"

"Yes," answered Martin.

"Well, be certain, let's make no mistake now. Let's go in," remarked Hanie.

THEY DECIDE TO ENTER.

Both men were armed with double-barrel shot guns, stuck in each barrel, accompanied by a half-dozen bullets in each chamber. They also had their pistols. With a soft, noiseless tread they approached the door. Mr. Martin placed his hand upon the knob.

Marshal Hanie was immediately behind him.

Slowly, carefully, cautiously he turned the knob.

Then around it went, until the latch was thrown back and, with a steady hand the man pushed the door. It yielded.

THE BATTLE BEGINS.

Then, with a leap, he and Hanie bounded into the room, side by side. It was a daring, desperate act. So quick were they that they succeeded in covering Coffee with their guns before he realized what had transpired.

"Now's your time," exclaimed Hanie, as the muzzle of his gun went almost into Coffee's face.

"Move a muscle and I'll kill you," exclaimed Martin in the same breath.

For a second Coffee glanced into the officer's face, and then extending his hands began to get up. He arose slowly and cautiously, and as he got up the officers noticed his hands were of a most pitiful appearance. His fingers were bent, his knuckles were black, and he lay below his neck.

Just before Coffee attained an erect attitude, he suddenly and quickly threw his right hand towards his breast. The officers knew what that meant.

"Click, "click, "click, "click, "click," went their guns, as they drew the hammers back.

OUT FLASHER COFFEE'S PISTOL.

Coffee made a record years ago as one of the most daring, desperate and reckless outlaws who ever figured in Georgia's criminal history.

Theft, burglary and arson were mere pastimes with him when he found the work congenial to his mind thoughts it necessary.

Murder, too, was a matter of no serious consequence to him, and such force that it turned him around. Then before he could face his foes again, two loads of shot had gone into his back. Four times the shots sounded, and as the last reverberated away, Coffee fell forward upon his face, his head resting upon Marshal Hanie's feet. The fight, a few seconds later,

pistol and fired blindly. Then again, after he had gone down, he pulled the trigger and the ball which came out gaunt Marshal Hanie the one whom the outlaw had inflicted. It was only a touch of the skin.

THEY STOOD SPEECHLESS.

But what were Coffee's five friends and relatives doing during the battle?

Nothing!

They were so thoroughly frightened that the whole thing was over before they could think. After Coffee had gone down, the officers leveled their guns at the crowd, yelling "Get in line here and get in quick."

The men saw that the order was issued to be obeyed, and they lined up against the wall in quick time. Side by side the five men stood as motionless and mute as so many marble figures. For once in their lives, too, were as white as marble, so thoroughly frightened were they. One of them, Joe Hawkins, a nephew of Coffee's, however, had more nerve than the others, and seemed to be anxious to do something.

"Hands up!" called out Hanie. Every hand in the crowd went up, but Hawkins quickly showed a restlessness, and his hands were always trying to descend and Hanie observed this, and remarked:

"You've got a pistol, and if you draw it I'll split your open."

"I have got a pistol," replied Hawkins rather submissively, "but I haven't used it. Don't kill me, for God's sake. I haven't done that."

Martin then

WENT UP TO THE MEN AND DISARMED THEM.

Then Hanie stooped down and picked up the pistol which Coffee had dropped. Then he went to the ruler of the town, Tom Clegg, and unfastened his belt, and was ready for a battle with his fists, a knife or a pistol. He soon subjugated everybody for miles around and with a rod of iron he ruled them all.

Even to his brother who appears to have been a law abiding man he was domineering and tyrannical. That brother like every other man feared the desperado.

But every man meets his match.

Coffee's case was no exception to the rule.

One day a man came to Lula. He was a new man to the people, but he had heard of Coffee.

Still he did not fear him.

In some way Coffee learned that the man had asserted an independence of the bully, and with murder in his heart, the desperado set out to conquer the stranger.

He accomplished his purpose, but he had to kill his man.

Then Coffee found that the people rejoiced at his trouble. They rejoiced because they thought the law, the jail and the rope would free them from the tyrant.

Coffee, however, defied the law, and after he had been a law unto himself he was disengaged from the police.

And about noon o'clock this morning they reached the city of Atlanta, Georgia, and going directly to Sheriff Monday's residence, they notified him of what had transpired, and said that they believed Coffee dead. The news spread rapidly, and by breakfast time everybody in the city was in an uproar.

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OF ONE BLOOD.

FOREIGNERS COMING TO AMERICA ARE INTENDED TO BE AMERICANS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle Yesterday Morning—An Eloquent Discourse.

BROOKLYN, March 3.—[Special.]—Dr. Talmage preached in the Brooklyn tabernacle this morning on the subject, "Shall America Be Reserved for Americans?" As his sermons are now translated in every language of Europe and many languages of Asia, in his audiences may be seen persons from many different nations. After an exposition of the scripture he gave out the hymn:

Am of the Lord, awake!

Put on thy strength, the nations shake!

Text, Acts xvii, 26: "And hath made of one blood all nations." That is, if for some reason general phlebotomy were ordered, and standing in a row were an American, an Englishman, a Scotchian and an Irishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Norwegian, an Icelander, a Spaniard, an Italian, a Russian and representatives of all other nationalities bared their right arms and a lancet were struck into it, the blood let out would have the same characteristics, for it would be red, complex, fibrine, globuline, chlorine and containing sulphuric acid, potassium, phosphate of magnesia and so on, and Harvey and Sir Astley Cooper and Richardson and Zimmerman and Brown-Squard and all the scientific doctors, apothecaries and chemists of the world would agree with Pan as standing on Mars hill, his pulpit a ridge of limestone rock fifty feet high, and among the proudest and most exclusive and undemocratic people of the earth, he crashed into all their prejudices by declaring in the words of my text that God had made "of one blood all nations."

The countenance of the five races of the human family may be different, as we see them or as we look at them, and the Malay will have the projecting upper jaw, and the Caucasian the oval face and small mouth, and the Ethiopian the retreating forehead and large lip, and the Mongolian the flat face of olive hue, and the American Indian the copper-colored complexion, but the blood is the same and indicates that they all had one origin, and that Adam and Eve were their ancestor and ancestress.

God built this American continent and organized this United States republic to demonstrate the stupendous idea of the text. A man in Persia will always remain a Persian, a man in Switzerland will always remain a Swiss, a man in Austria will always remain an Austrian, but all foreign nationalities coming to America were intended to be Americans. This land is the chemical laboratory where foreign nationalities are daily mixed and all race prejudices and race antipathies are to perish, and this sermon is an ax by which I hope to help kill them. It is not hard for me to preach such a sermon, because, although my ancestors came to this country about two hundred and fifty years ago, some of them came from Wales and some from Scotland and some from Holland and some from other lands, and I am not so very anxious that any of them I feel at home with people from under every sky and have a right to call them blood relatives. There are madcaps and patriotic lunatics in this country who are ever and anon crying out, "America for Americans." Down with the Germans! Down with the Irish! Down with the Jews! Down with the Chinese! In some directions the native peoples of which varieties I could stand out by the fangs of my text, while I pull the stops and put my foot on the pedal that will open the loudest pipes, and run my fingers over all the four banks of ivory keys, playing the chime, "God hath made of one blood all nations."

There are not five men in this audience, nor five men in any audience today in America except it be on an Indian reservation, who are more interested in their country if you go through back. The only native Americans are the Modocs, the Shawnees, the Chippewas, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Seminoles, and such like. If the principle America only for Americans be carried out, then you and I have no right to be here and we had better charter all the steamers and clipper ships and men-of-war and yachts and sloops and get out of this country as quickly as possible. The Pilgrim Fathers were all immigrants, the Huguenots all immigrants. The cradle of most every one of our families was rocked on the bank of the Clyde or the Rhine or the Shannon or the Seine or the Tiber. Had the watchword "America for Americans" been an early and successful cry, where now stand our cities would have stood Indian wigwams and canoes instead of steamers and sloops. We had better take the Hudson and Connecticut; and, instead of the Mississippi being the main artery of the continent, it would have been only a trough for deer and antelope and wild pigeons to drink out of. What makes the cry of "America for Americans" the more absurd and the more inhuman is that some in this country who themselves arrived here in their boyhood or arrived here only one or two generations back are joining in the cry. On some foreign expeditions they say "Sail the door of the fathers." Let us get them down on shore in a life boat from the shipwreck saying, Hand the boat on the beach and let the rest of the passengers go to the bottom! Men who have yet on them a Scotch or German or English or Irish brogue crying out, "America for Americans!" What if the native inhabitants of Heaven, I mean the angels, the cherubim, the seraphim born there, should stand here and say, "What do you mean? Are we coming up at the last?" should say: "Go back! Heaven for the Heavens."

Of course we do well not to allow foreign nations to make this country a convict colony. We would have a wall built as high as heaven and as deep as hell against foreign thieves, pickpockets and anarchists. We would not let them wipe their feet on the map of the world. We would not let them come to us from Russia or Germany or France sent as desperadoes to get clear of them; we would have those places where they came from. We will not have America become the dumping place for foreign vagabondism. But you build up a wall at the Narrows before New York harbor, or at the Golden Gate before San Francisco, and the works of the industries and hard working and honest men and other hands who want to breathe the air of our free institutions and get opportunity for better livelihood, and it is only a question of time when God will tumble that wall flat on our own heads with the red hot thunderbolts of his omnipotent indignation. You are a father and you have five children. The parlor is the best room in your house. Your son Philip says to the old few who are now left, "I will stay there; George, you live in the garret and stay there; Mary, you live in the cellar and stay there; Fannie, you live in the kitchen and stay there; I, Philip, will take the parlor. It suits me exactly. I like the pictures on the wall. I like the lambrequins at the windows, like the Axminster on the floor. Now, I, Philip, propose to occupy this parlor and I will stay there to day." The old few say, "Well, the father, hear of this arrangement and what will you do?" You will get red in the face and say: "John, come out of that small room at the end of the hall. George, come down out of that garret; Fannie, come out of the kitchen, and go into the parlor or anywhere you choose; and Philip, for your greediness and wantonness let me put you for two winters in the closet under the stairs. God is the father of the human race. He has

left five sons, a North American, a South American, a European, an Asiatic and an African. The North American smirks the sneeze and he says to his four brothers and sisters: "Let the South American stay in South America, let the European stay in Europe, let the Asiatic stay in Asia, let the African stay in Africa; but America is for me, take it in the part of the world I can have." He has carpeted grass and its upholstery of front window, namely the American sunburst, and the upholstery of the back window, namely the American sunset. Now I want you all to stay out and keep to your places." I am sure the Father of the whole human race could hear of it and chastisement would come, and, whether by earthquake or flood or drought or plague or famine or pestilence or pestilence, or destroying angel of pestilence, God would rebuke our selfishness, and say to the four winds of heaven: This world is my house, and the North American is no more my child than is the South American and the European and the

Asiatic and the African. And I built this for all the children, and the parlor is the throne of the nation. For, let me say, whether we will admit it or not, the populations of other lands will come here. There are harbors all the way from Bahia's bay to Galveston, and if you shut fifty gates there will be other gates unguarded. And if you forbid foreigners from coming on the steamers they will take sailing vessels. And if you forbid them coming on sailing vessels they will come in boats. And if you will not let them come in boats, they will come in rafts. And if you will not allow whalers to the raft they will leave it outside. Sandy Hook and swim for free America. Stop them? You might as well pass a law forbidding a swarm of summer bees from lighting on the clover top, or pass a law forbidding the tides of the Atlantic to rise when the moon puts under its silver grappling hook, or a law that the noonday sun should not irradiate the atmosphere. They have heard across the seas I would put it to the utmost tension and cry. Let them come! You stony, selfish, shrivelled up, blasted souls who sit before your silver dinner plate piled up with bread of roast turkey incarnadined with the loose foreign Sabbath or transcendentalism spun into a religion of mush and moonshine, or foreign liberalism, or the emanation of all thievish, scoundrelous, lust-mad, debased, which in Russia is called nihilism and in France called communism and in America called anarchism. Unite with us in making by the grace of God the fifteen million square miles of America on both sides the Isthmus of Panama the paradise of virtue and the shining bone.

But some of this cry, America for Americans, may arise from an honest fear lest this land be overcrowded. Such persons had better take the Northern Pacific or Union Pacific or Southern Pacific or Atlantic and Charlotte Air-Line or Texas and Santa Fe, go a long journey and find out that no more than a mile or two of land is occupied. The land is too fertile and as salt Lake City and much of the Great Salt Lake is too salty to be fit for cultivation, there is in that vast country the most fertile land in the world. If a man with a hundred acres of farm land should put all his cultivation on one acre he would be cultivating a larger ratio of his farm than our nation is now occupying of the national farm. Pour the whole human race, Europe, Asia, Africa and all the islands of the sea, into America, and there would be room to spare. All the Rocky mountain barrenness and deserts and swamps and deserts and deserts. Besides, that after perhaps a century or two more, when this country is quite well occupied, the cities of America will be as numerous as the stars in the firmament, in that native land there are sacred places, cabins or mansions around whose doors they played and perhaps somewhere there is a grave into which they would like, when life's toils are over, to be let down, for it is mother's grave and it would be like going again into the loving arms that first held them and against the bosom that first pillow'd them! My! my! how I have got into this! I have done quite well composed, the tide of immigration will turn the other way. Politics and governmental affairs being corrected on the other side of the waters, Ireland, under different regulation, turned into a garden, will invite back another generation of Irishmen, and the wide wastes of Russia, brought from under despotism, will, with her own green fields, invite back another generation of Russians. And there will be hundreds of thousands of Americans every year settling off from the Right or Giant's causeway of life, to grow even a mullein stalk or a Canada thistle, will, through artificial irrigation, like a Illinois prairie wave with wheat, or like a Wisconsin farm rust with corn stalks. Besides, that after perhaps a century or two more, when this country is quite well occupied, the cities of America will be as numerous as the stars in the firmament, in that native land there are sacred places, cabins or mansions around whose doors they played and perhaps somewhere there is a grave into which they would like, when life's toils are over, to be let down, for it is mother's grave and it would be like going again into the loving arms that first held them and against the bosom that first pillow'd them! My! my! how I have got into this! I have done quite well composed, the tide of immigration will turn the other way. 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CHARLES B. LEWIS,

*The Famous Humorist of the Detroit Free Press.***M. Quad Talks of the South and the Future—How Englishmen Are Asking About This Section.***C. B. Lewis, Mich.*

The name appears just that way on the Kimball house register.

It is M. Quad, the famous humorist of the Detroit Free Press.

"I am here for a few hours only," he said, "just stopping over while on my way to North Carolina. I go there to write about the principal cities and different features of the state—no advertising business, only news. You see since we established the English edition of the Free Press we have received many inquiries about the southern states. The Free Press was the first paper to come into the south after the war and it has always displayed the friendliest possible disposition toward anything southern. Well, we thought the best way to answer all these inquiries was by giving an accurate description of the different localities, and here I am on my way to the old north state."

"Those inquiries are about North Carolina alone?

"No, there are many about all portions of the south. These particular ones are about North Carolina but there are many about other states and places. It seems that as soon as some English company or syndicate invests in any particular state, other Englishmen want to learn something of that section. The fact of our heavy London edition brings us right to their doors and they ask us for the information they desire."

"What state is most asked about?"

"For the past year or so Alabama has had the call, owing to the great developments there. But great interest is felt in the entire south. As I said, there are many inquiries about North Carolina, and judging from the letters I have seen from there, I judge the state is on the eve of a grand boom."

Mr. Lewis's letters will be merely descriptive, not, as is done in many cases, upon any advertising arrangement. He will doubtless find time to gather much material for more of those sketches which have added so greatly to the attractiveness of the Free Press.

"Our English edition," said Mr. Lewis in the course of his talk, "is made up entirely in Detroit, and the matrices are sent to our London office on the Strand, where the papers are printed. It does not differ greatly from our regular edition. About ninety thousand copies are distributed each week throughout England, Ireland and Scotland—the particular attraction being that it is a bright American weekly newspaper. If it were on the plan of the English papers, they wouldn't want it."

"What will the New York Herald's London edition do?"

"As to that I cannot say. A bright, snappy American paper may be a success in London, but there is one thing, its management must bear in mind: The Englishman wants to be able to swear by his daily paper. It must be carefully edited, for any slip may do great injury. Look at the Times in this Parnell matter. That paper will find it difficult to get over such a blow."

Mr. Lewis is quite enthusiastic upon the future of the south. He thinks the time has come when many western people will come into this section. The California boom, the Dakota boom and numerous and sundry other booms have about boomed themselves out, and the eyes of the people of the north are turned to the south where everything points to a steady, solid growth.

The northern young man has his eye upon the south.

FIVE WIVES TO ONE HUSBAND.**Mormon Disciples in Atlanta—In Other Parts of the South.**

Fifteen Mormon disciples in charge of two of the missionaries who have been working in Georgia, passed through Atlanta early yesterday morning.

They came in by the late Central train and left by the East Tennessee for the north.

Their destination is Salt Lake City. At Chattanooga they were joined by others from Georgia and Alabama.

It looks as if Mormonism found a fruitful field in some parts of the south. The converts are, of course, ignorant people who are promised good homes and work if they embrace the faith.

In Chattanooga. CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., March 3.—[Special.]—One hundred and fifty men, women and children passed through the city tonight from Georgia and Alabama, bound for Utah in charge of three Mormon elders. They go to join the Mormon church. The party is composed of an ignorant and destitute class of people, who claim they have been promised homes and plenty of work. They are to be followed by another deputation of one hundred tomorrow night.

The Work in Alabama. OXFORD, Ala., March 3.—[Special.]—Tomorrow morning, Rev. Hiram Harrison and his family, consisting of a son and seven daughters, will leave for Ogden, Utah. The entire family are Mormon converts, and the conversion of Elder Harrison to that faith shows the wonderful influence the Mormon elders obtain over the country people of this section. Harrison was one of the leading hardshell Baptist preachers in this section when the Mormon elders first appeared here several years ago. For a while he denounced them from the pulpit and, in private, but finally he accepted their teachings and himself and family became enthusiastic Mormons and advocates of polygamy.

After returning from preaching mormonism for two years now, and having made an elder. When he reaches Utah he will be given five wives as a reward for his faithful service to the church in Alabama.

Mormons in Tennessee. BRAIDVILLE, Tenn., March 3.—[Special.]—Cannon county has been invaded with Mormon missionaries, (?) who term themselves, for several years, and several have joined them, and already one of their number has run off with another man's wife, and another man's wife became enamored of the dark-complexioned elder, and told her husband that she would rather he would leave than insult the elder. After he had professed her infidelity he accepted their teachings and himself and family became enthusiastic Mormons and advocates of polygamy.

After returning from preaching mormonism for two years now, and having made an elder. When he reaches Utah he will be given five wives as a reward for his faithful service to the church in Alabama.

The Progress Made in Women's Rights in Alabama. MONTGOMERY, Ala., March 3.—[Special.]—The supreme court of Alabama adjourned yesterday after a busy session since the first of last December, to meet again on the eighth of next August. There have been submitted for consideration by the court during this time 212 cases. Of this number 130 have been decided, and in the hands of the judges seventy-seven. The governor had not made the appointment of the new supreme court judges. The law requires executive action in the matter by next Tuesday.

A new question, arising under the married woman's law, was decided by the Alabama supreme court in the case of Knox vs. Chidlessburg Land company, opinion by Chief Justice Stone. The bill was filed to enforce specific performance of a married woman's contract to convey land, which she had contracted to convey, "with the assent or concurrence of the husband expressed in writing." The court holds that she can be compelled to convey just as if she were unmarried. The decision putting her in the same category as if she were single, or, in other words, just as if she were a man.

CONGRESSIONAL

Continued from First Page.

of South Carolina, Kerr, of Iowa, and Bland, of Missouri. Though all these gentlemen spoke with intense earnestness it is safe to say that not a dozen members in the house heard one finished sentence of their remarks. They were continually interrupted by laughter and the noise of betting being indulged in without discrimination, both friends and enemies of the spoliation amendment being glib and cheery, while the buzz of conversation in the galleries was loud and incessant.

Mr. Bland then moved a recess and until 10:30 the house relapsed into a state of inaction. Finally Sayers asked unanimous consent that the house insist upon its disagreement, and the bill was voted down and the bill returned to conference.

THE LAND FORFEITURE BILL.

Mr. Payson, of Illinois, was then recognized for a motion to suspend the rules for the passage of the land-forfeiture bill practically as it passed the senate. Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, called up a question of higher privilege and the Sullivan-Taylor bill, the latter case, and the Sullivan-Taylor bill was transferred to the other side of the chamber. McKinna, of California, making a motion for a recess.

THE DIGNITY OF THE HOUSE.

The motion for a recess having been voted down, Mr. Payson, in the interest of the land-forfeiture bill, raised the question of consideration, and Mr. Caswell, of Wisconsin, seconded him in the interest of the district tax bill.

"The other side of the question gets watered down over to the democratic side, and Mr. Stone, of Missouri, and Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio, entered motions for recesses. Mr. Blanchard, of Louisiana, obtained the attention of the house by offering the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the house protests against that part of the bill which authorizes the president to assign to the members of the house and to the members elect of the fifty-first congress a subordinate place in the current session.

Resolved, That the house protest against the use of the word "slavery" in the bill, and that the house protest against the use of the word "slave" in the bill.

After the laughter that followed had subsided and Peeples had rallied again, the examination continued.

"Oh, Mr. Witness, might you not have forgotten a good deal that occurred at that time?"

"On, you squire."

"I thought so," exclaimed Peeples with evident delight.

"Yes, sir, you squire, I might have forgotten a good deal, but I haven't avowed to any that I forgot."

On the trial of a hotly contested case in Jackson county, for slender Judge Underwood, Judge Douglass, of Pennsylvania, the defendant, and Peeples had rallied again, the examination continued.

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DR. HAWTHORNE

PRAEACHES FROM HIS OLD PULPIT YESTERDAY.

He is Greeted by a Large Congregation, and Delivers an Able and Eloquent Sermon—Dr. Hopkins at the First Presbyterian.

Dr. Hawthorne filled his old pulpit at the First Baptist church yesterday morning.

The announcement that he would preach was sufficient to crowd the church, despite the inclemency of the weather. Atlanta has never had his superior as a pulpit minister. His loss to the First Baptist church is a loss to the city.

"Dr. Hawthorne," said one of the members of the First Baptist, "has been largely instrumental in making Atlanta what it is today. In his own little church, instilling into the membership an enthusiastic devotion to the church, drawing by his matchless eloquence immense audiences at every service, leading the young members into active missionary work throughout the city and its suburbs, planting, in every available quarter a station for mission work under the auspices of his own church, he has awakened through all the churches a noble sense of emulation in the Master's cause. He is a better city for his coming, and does good work in the world."

For four years he has been the friend of the poor and the wise counselor of the rich, he has been for four years a central force in our moral and religious progress.

Dr. Hawthorne took for his text yesterday the 15th verse of the 14th chapter of John: "If ye love me keep my commandments." The object set before us here, said the doctor, are Christ and his commandments. In this divine look we have only Christ but also his works and his words. In looking back over human history we see here and there some majestic man whose influence still lives, though his words have perished.

Noah was so good and great that God transplanted him from earth to heaven, yet not one word of his preaching has survived. Noah was honored far above his generation, and yet not one word of his one hundred and twenty years' ministry has been transmitted to us. For three thousand years the world has been ruled by men who have been a power to the world, and yet only a few words are left of his long and eventful life. How little we know of man who wished his name might be remembered. Of Homer, of Jesus, of Buddha, of Confucius, of Socrates, of Plato, of Pythagoras, Raphael and Beethoven, who with the products of their genius have enriched the world. Plato exists only in his philosophy. Isachar greatest prophet, yet his name has been lost in a surging ocean of song and wisdom. But here we have both the life and words of our Lord and Master. Here we have his divine and infinite teaching, both in the words of his discourses and in his acts. Here we have the multitude of his parables, told in His own precious lips. We have a record of many scenes and incidents in His life. We see Him a babe in the manger, a lad of twelve in the temple, and the Son of the Jews, baptized by John, on the mountain side surrounded by his followers at the bedside of the sick rebuking disease, at the grave calling the dead back to life, at the well of Jacob, healing the blind, the leprosy-stricken woman, feeding the multitude in a desert place with a few loaves and fishes, walking on the waves to His terror-stricken disciples at the marriage feast, healing with sinners, rebuking the Pharisees, driving out the demons and thieves, looking down on Jerusalem from Mount Olivet with tears of pity, eating the last meal with His disciples, bowed before His Father in prayer, having been led away to the judgment hall, climbing the rugged bend to His execution. Falling beneath his heavy burden, suspended between two thieves. Turning an eye of pity on his foes. His race to the cross, the agonies of death, the moments of death. Laid in the tomb after the resurrection on the seashore with Peter, then with the disciples and last on the Mount of Olives, where His friends were gathered to mourn over His body. There is nothing we know so well as this life that more concerns us. No personality we can come so near as to His sacred person. We can touch the innermost heart of Christ, His secret thoughts, His secret heart-beats. We know Him as no other friend. We know Him as wise, just, holy and merciful. We know His wonderful concepts, His most perfect love, His perfect peace, and His perfect love. The two there is perfect agreement. He lived as He taught and taught as He lived. This gives majestic power to His teachings. Some men are taller than others, but in character pure, their words make an impression. Christ was both holy, and wise. Every utterance from His carried conviction to heart and mind. He was the perfection of wisdom. He was not only a teacher, but a teacher of teachers. He did no regulation He did not exemplify. Did He teach humility? He humbled himself and became a servant of men. Did He teach holiness? He was without sin. Did He teach benevolence? He went about doing good. Did He teach self-sacrifice? On the cross He gave up His life, a sacrifice to challenge the world to share a divine perfection. Did He teach virtue as the truest man in the man Christ Jesus. He uttered truths because he was the embodiment of truth. He gave birth to love truth, to love virtue, to love life, to love God, to keep his commandments. These truths overcame all morality that is not inspired by the love of God. Love must come before obedience. The grand motives of Christianity and gathering around a personal God, a God on account of His infinite power and goodness, a God who loves us all. The infinite God has done for man all that mercy, love and power could do.

Men are saved by abstract truths. When he loves one whose life is the perfection of truth and virtue, then will he lead a true and virtuous life. It is impossible to obey the commandments of God unless we love Christ. We know the great motive power of obedience when he said, "do this in remembrance of me." The love of Christ in the hearts of men is the only hope of the world's redemption. The love of God is the hope of the world's salvation. I teach, I love what is true and holy because I love Christ. The infinite and pure God has done for man all that mercy, love and power could do.

Men are saved by abstract truths. No man is saved by abstract truths. When he loves one whose life is the perfection of truth and virtue, then will he lead a true and virtuous life. It is impossible to obey the commandments of God unless we love Christ. We know the great motive power of obedience when he said, "do this in remembrance of me."

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JEWELRY.

Tosca!
latest novelty in PARASOLS and Ladies' BELLELLAS. Silver and natural wood handles beautiful assortment opened today.

Freeman & Crankshaw, Jewelers.

OPIUM and Whiskey Bottles
Its cured at home with our pain. Book of pain
B. W. MOOLLEY, M.D.
Atlanta, Ga. Office 80 Whitehall St.

We think we are about ready to see you in our new store, and we want every lady in Atlanta to call and see our display of pretty jewelry. We keep just as nice goods as can be found in the city, and at correct prices. We do good watch and clock work, and do it right, and know we can suit you.

**J.R. Watts & Co.,
Jewelers and Opticians,
57 WHITEHALL.**

MARDI GRAS!

New Orleans, March 5th, 1889.
The Georgia Pacific Railway,

VIA —

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Popular Route to New Orleans and Southwest

2 DAILY TRAINS 2

WITH MANN BOUDOIR SLEEPING CARS.

Leads to New Orleans \$14.90 Round Trip.

Tickets on sale March 1st to 5th, inclusive, good return until March 10th. See your tickets at via Birmingham, and take a trip through the land from region to region. For further information call or address

A. V. VERNON, Passenger Agent.

ALEX S. THWEATT, Gen. Trav. Agent.

GEO. S. BARNUM, Gen. Pacific, Birmingham, Ala.

SOL HAAS, Traffic Manager, Richmond, Va.

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HEALTH IS WEALTH



Dr. E. C. WEST's NEYER AND BRAIN TREATMENT
Guaranteed specific for Uterine Distress, Neuralgia, Headache, Prostration caused by the use of alcohol, Tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Sustained misery, depression, resulting in Insanity and leading to insanity, depression, causing premature Old Age, Loss of Power in either sex, Insanity, Insomnia, Losses and Spasmophobia caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence, each box containing one month's treatment \$1.00 a box, post boxes \$5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES
To any case of disease received by us for treatment we guarantee to give you a refund if you purchase our written guarantee to the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by

JACOB'S PHARMACY, Sole Agents
Manufacturers of Descriptive So., Atlanta, Ga.

Mar 23

Felt, Cement & Gravel Roofing!

Available for Warehouses, Car Depots, Boiler Shops, Engine Houses, Stables and all buildings where flat roofs are used. It is not injured by the gases arising from coal or the ammonia from stables, both of which are sure destruction to tin or iron.

ARTIFICIAL STONE PAVEMENTS,

For Sidewalks, Cellar, Stable and Brewery Floors

COAL TAR CONCRETE

For Sidewalks, Filling in Basements, Etc.

TWO and THREE-PLY READY ROOFING,

Water Proof Building Papers.

Moisture and Vermin Proof Carpet Linings.

Estimates cheerfully given upon application.

S. L. FOSTER & CO.:
62 SOUTH BROAD STREET, ATLANTA, GA.

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ATLANTA GLASS COMPANY

WE MANUFACTURE

FLINT, GREEN AND AMBER

BOTTLES, DRUGGISTS'

PRESCRIPTION AND PACKING

BOTTLES.

Also Flint and Amber Flasks and Beer Bottles of all styles. Bottles, Bitters and Schnapps Bottles. All Superior Crowned Top Flint Lamp Chimneys. Dealers in these goods can save money by purchasing from us.

ATLANTA GLASS CO.,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

steelSpaby weather lm

THE Weather Report.

INDICATIONS:

WASHINGTON, March 3—Indications for Georgia:

Fair, preceded by light rain on the coast, stationary temperature, followed Monday afternoon by slightly cooler northerly winds.

Observer's Office, Signal Service, U.S.A.

UNITED STATES CUSTOM HOUSE,
ATLANTA, Ga., March 3—7 p.m.

All observations taken at the same moment of actual time at each place.

Observations taken at 8 p.m., Seventy-fifth Meidian line.

FAIR

Current Literature.

A large stock of novels of all kinds to select from. A complete list of Lovell's Library, over four thousand titles always on hand, at John M. Miller's, 31 Marietta street.

Beecham's Pills cure bilious and nervous fits.

Schlitz's Milwaukee

Beer on draught at Big

Bonanza.

Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence, and when you want a little relaxation smoke Grand Republic Cigars and Buffos. Sold by all reliable dealers.

Fine cow with young calf for sale, at 102 White hall street.

27 and 29 Broad

feet for rent, from May 1, 1889. Adjoins No. 1 engine house; three stories; first-class location.

Apply to GEA. W. HARRISON,
32 West Alabama street.

Cook, Cristal, 30.04 6 6 NW 10 0 Cloudless

Brownsville, 30.08 66 66 SE 8 0 Cloudy

Rio Grande City 30.14 66 66 Light 0 Partly cloudy

LOCAL OBSERVATION.

Central Time.

TIME OF OBSER-
VATION.

7 a.m. 29.95 47 N 4 .11 Foggy

7 p.m. 29.88 47 NW 4 .00 Partly cloudy

Maximum Thermometer..... 53

Minimum Thermometer..... 45

Total rainfall..... 11

M. H. PERRY,
Sergeant Signal Corps U. S. Army.

Temperature reduced to sea level.

The precipitation inconvertible

THE DEADLY WIRES.

HOW AND WHY YOU MUST AVOID THEM.

A Few Things Every One Who Values His Life Should Observe—You Need Not Be Afraid of Your Telephones.

The lightning will strike you if you don't watch out.

How watch out? If a wire drops in the street don't touch it.

If it is an electric light wire it will kill you if it is crossed with an electric wire it might kill you.

If it is a telephone wire it might be crossed with an electric light wire. If so crossed it would not carry enough of the current to kill but would give a terrible shock.

If you see an electric light lowered in the street don't go near the lamp or the wires.

The lineman may be working at it, but he knows where to take hold and you don't. Even his shirt is short.

When riding through the streets look out for lowered lights and wires. A lineman let a rope slip and let an electric light drop on Mrs. Mrs. Seay's horses in Montgomery and killed them.

In case an electric light wire, by any accident, should get too close to wood and start a blaze, telephone immediately to the electric light works to shut down. That will stop the danger, and the wire can be insulated afterwards.

Atlanta subscribers may rest easy about their telephones.

Since the matter was agitated by THE CONSTITUTION, about a month ago, the electric light company has put up about twelve miles of guard wire between the telephone wires and electric light wires, so that if the telephone wires should drop they would be caught by the dead wires, and would not touch the big wires below.

The guard wires are large and strong—galvanized wire No. 6—as large as the largest telephone wire.

Mr. Wade said yesterday that every possible point of contact would be protected, and would be next month, and the work is almost practically complete. Mr. Gentry, superintendent of construction had followed the work and announced that every possible point of contact has already been guarded.

An accident to Mr. George Osborne, of the police force, shows the importance of giving dropped wires a wide berth.

Mr. Wade said that he had seen a telephone wire lying on the ground. It had broken and dropped and as it was a small wire he did not dream that there was any harm in it.

But he was mistaken. In dropping it had crossed an electric light wire, which gave it the electricity of its size could carry. Mr. Osborne got a terrible shock and dropped the wire as quick as he could. Fortunately the telephone was not dead and will not carry enough electricity to kill a healthy man. If he had been subject to heart disease the result might have been different.

If it had been a telegraph wire instead of a telephone wire the shock would probably have killed Mr. Osborne, for the telegraph wires are larger and will carry several times as much electricity as those of the telephone.

It will be well to caution people to look out for low hanging electric lights and wires for another reason. The lamps are held in their places by ropes. Not a great while ago the lightning cut one of these ropes and let an electric light lamp drop.

If by any accident your telephone wire should get crossed with the electric light wires the current will probably melt your wire and disconnect it before any damage is done.

It is done. You can do as an Atlanta man did, take a wooden stick and prize the wires loose. Better than that there is an arrester used by the Western Union Telegraph company which would disconnect your wire in the event that a current stronger than usual passed over it. This little instrument is called the "plush arrester," and costs about 50 cents. There is no difficulty in such a protection since the electric light wires have been thoroughly guarded from the telephone wires within the last few weeks.

I regard to the electric light company, it must be said that they are taking great care. They test their wires three times a day to provide against grounded wires, and have a machine that will show if a wire is grounded while the other is on. The illustration, when one of the lamps was cut down by lightning, the indicator showed it, and the current was cut off.

Mr. Wade went out and found the lamp in thirty minutes. Mr. Wade has statistics for accidents for six months of last year, in New York, and there were only three, which he says were due to sheer carelessness.

Peculiar in medical merit and wonderful cures—Hood's Sarsaparilla. Now is the time to take it, for now it will do the most good.

If you would win success in life, be punctual, honest and economical in your daily habits, and careful of your health, and smoke Grand Republic Cigars and Buffos.

Estimates cheerfully given upon application.

S. L. FOSTER & CO.:
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TYPE WRITING

And Stenographic Business—All Kinds of Work Promptly Executed.

Messrs. Crankshaw & Johnson, who are expert stenographers and type writers, have opened an office at 21 Marietta street. They will do all kinds of stenographer's work, type writing, copying, etc. Office correspondence on specialty. If you need anything in this line give them a call.

5 CENTS.

Change in price, no change in quality. Wholesale and retail at Frank E. Block's, Pryor and Alabama streets.

WAS IT A SHAKE?

Something Like an Earthquake Felt on Saturday.

At a few minutes past eleven o'clock Saturday night something very much like an earthquake was felt in Atlanta.

The trembling was quite distinctly felt in the office of THE CONSTITUTION, and was noticed in different parts of the city.

The telegraph reports similar disturbances in South America at the same hour. Can it have been the same shake?

A Horse Stolen.

At about 7 o'clock Saturday night, somebody stole a horse and wagon belonging to J. J. Duffy, the grocer.

At that hour they were standing in front of the residence of Captain C. L. Anderson, Jr., on Peachtree. When Mr. Duffy's driver returned from the house, the horse and wagon were not to be seen.

Yesterday morning at about 9 o'clock, the horse was found tied to the gate of Ansley Williams, who lives in Cobb county, near the Chattahoochee.

Mr. Duffy is anxious to know how it got there, and has offered \$25 reward for the information.

PERSONALS.

C. J. DANIEL, wall paper, window shades and room mounting, 42 Marietta street. Telephone 77.

The Emerson Laundry Machinery Company, Charleston, S.C., dealers in all the latest improved laundry machinery, also a full line of supplies constantly on hand. Send for our prices.

WED. FRI. 5 & 8pm Sat. and 7pm

DR. W. H. LEYDEN, specialist in diseases of the skin, has removed his office to his residence, 18 Wheat street.

LUCY HINTON,

The Name of the Finest Brand of Tobacco Manufactured.

Who has not heard of the famous brand of chewing tobacco? It is conceded to be the best manufactured in America, and has been sold in every part of the United States. Lucy Hinton is made out of stock from one to two years old, being selected with the greatest care. It is made by the great house of T. C. Williams & Co., Richmond, Va.

"Ship me ten thousand Grand Republic Cigars every ten days until further notice," is the kind of talk we get from the jobbers where the goods have been introduced. Sold by all reliable dealers.

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